1: Cunningham G-3 (1846-47) 1854 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

231 the height averaging from twenty-seven to thirty inches. It might, therefore, with advantage be crossed with the 492 common small sheep of our hill provinces. Nearly the whole of the traffic of Ladák is transported on these sheep. They are food, clothing, and carriage, and form the principal wealth of the people of Ladák. I have seen a single flock of six hundred sheep, entirely laden with wool; and in one day I have counted as many as from five to six thousand sheep laden with shawl wool and common wool, borax and sulphur, and quantities of dried apricots, all making their way to the hill provinces 556 on the south-west. The *Huniya** is, therefore, much prized; and a man's wealth is generally estimated by the number of his sheep. The average price is two rupees and a half (or five shillings), but fine strong rams are worth from three to four rupees.

231 The whole trade of Ladák does not exceed 30,000 [439] small maunds of sixteen seers each, equivalent to the same number of sheep-loads. But the large importation of grain, which took place yearly before the population had been thinned by disease, emigration, and war, must have employed some 400,000 sheep. Of these, probably about one-half belonged to the Ladákis, and the other half to the hill people of Káshtwár, Chamba, Láhul, Kullu, and Kanáwar. After making a due allowance for lambs, I should estimate the former number of sheep at upwards of 300,000, or rather more than twelve sheep per house. At present the number is not so great, probably not more than 250,000. At the rate of 2 seers (4 lb.)† per sheep, the annual produce of wool

* *Huniya* is the Indian term, of which the Tibetans have made *Hunhi-yi*. The sheep is called *Huniyi-luk*.

† The English sheep yield an average of 4 lb. each, and even the little Purik sheep of Ladák yield 3 lb. See Moorcroft, I. p. 310.

day of the 10th month. The days of the week are seven in number and are named as follows:-- 805

za	Idáwa	or	Monday, or Planet Moon.
za	migmar	"	Tuesday, or Planet Mercury.
za	hlakspa	"	Wednesday, or Planet Venus.
za	phoorboo	"	Thursday, or Planet Mars.
za	pásang	"	Friday, or Planet Jupiter.
za	spenba	"	Saturday, or Planet Saturn.
za	ngeema	"	Sunday, or Planet Sun.

The Tibetans have no "hour" or smaller divisions of time.

CAP--teebi or the respectful word oozha. The black bag-like patoc cap which hangs down on one side is called "bot teep" and the close fitting cap, lined with lambskin, covering the ears is called gónda a gun cap is called topee or tubak i topee. for women's caps see "Head dress." 291 195

[18]

CARPET--stan general term for anything spread on the floor, as carpet or bedding. Satan the coarse Tibetan made woollen carpet zilcha (the Persian or Turkistan woollen carpet ras i stan cotton carpet balistan woolen carpet, chhálee floor cloth made of goats hair. Khuloo ditto of yaks hair. 352 513 286

CARRIAGE--giokSHang (Cart or palki) SHingsta khorto is the Lhása word for a horse cart or carriage Araba is the Turki word. There are no such conveyances in Ladák, where only ponies and coolies can be used. 492

khoorta (for Khooroo i sta) is the word for a baggage poney, and stáool that for a riding pony. For coolies there are different names. The professional load carriers of Kashmir and Baltistan are called "Khooroopa" or "burden men" but as the people of Ladak will never carry a load for hire, except under compulsion, a Ladák cooly is called "beygárpa" or "forced labourer" when employed to carry goods from place to place. An ordinary daily labourer who works voluntarily is called a "hlápa" or "wages man." 482 466 463

CASHIER--peyti-pa the only cashier in Ladák is the Wazir's Treasurer, who is termed the "peyti-pa." 645

231 unruly horses had to be tied and shoed while they lay on the ground. All this was carried out with great skill and adroitness by the men.

437 Now the people drove together about 200 sheep and goats
492 from their stables; these were to take part in the trip, serving as beasts of burden. Each animal was made to carry in a double sack a load of from 14 to [illegible] kilograms of wheat, dried apricots, or a corresponding quantity of other wares; aside from this each animal literally carried its own fleece to the market. The mountain sheep and goats are sturdy and extremely adroit climbers. However, there are many that succumb to the exertions of the long journey or that are torn to bits by the wolves or snow leopards.

487 In three days the expedition arrived a Leh, moving in easy
437 daily marches, in order to spare men and animals, and generally following the course of the Indus River. Most of the nine men went on foot, Drogpa Namgyal and two of the men each had a horse to ride on besides the horses they used for carrying burdens. It was the duty of the men on foot to drive on the pack horses and to lead them on the narrow, poor /156/ bridle paths, as well as to lead and keep together the herd of sheep and goats carrying the loads. In Leh, at the bazaar, they purchased some provisions and exchange wares, for the last time. Then they proceeded further along the Indus, through barren valleys, narrow gulleys, sandy, stony deserts, over high mountain passes, through torrential mountain streams, now in the scorching glare of the sun, now in icy cold, yes, even in bitter snow storms. In this way they finally arrived at the great plateau of Jangtang in the eastern part of Ladakh, after about one month's journey during which they engaged in trade along the way wherever an opportunity presented itself. The Jangtang upland plateau is situated in the territory of Greater Tibet, in the area under the jurisdiction of the Dalai Lama. Having arrived there the people from Ladakh visited a series of widely
[233] scattered nomads' camps. These nomads live year in and year out in their brown tents (re-po) woven from yak's hair, and they guard and tend their flocks of animals, sheep, a large, high-legged species, goats, horses, donkeys, and yaks. They move from one pasturing place to the next, depending simply on where there happens to be enough pasture and water. Big and strong and long-haired dogs (Tibetan mastiffs) help the nomads to keep their flocks of animals together and to protect them against wild animals. Their entire wealth consists of their herds, the rock salt which they break out of the numerous old lake beds, and of the natron which is found up there on the upland plateaus.

der of the mountain turned and waved. He was the stouthearted one who carried the dreadful load over Rothang.

Tashi (which means "good luck") was our new employee. He was short and stocky, middle-aged, pleasant, quiet, efficient. He had with him his son, about fourteen years of age. They had ten horses and were going as far as Kyelang, three stages distant. I agreed to pay eight rupees a day for each riding horse, five rupees a day for each pack horse. The horses were the small Punjab type, not even ten hands high, with small feet and fairly sturdy shoulders. We rode two; the rest carried the baggage. Tashi and his son walked.

By the time the horses were packed, I knew that I could go with Tashi in confidence to the end of the earth. He was one of those quiet, steady, competent men who show the mark of the mountains. His horses were also good. They were fast-traveling animals. The riding ponies had no bridles, only halters. The saddles, which had no stirrups, were crude wooden pack saddles, piled with sacks and blankets. Though the saddles were not painful, it was more comfortable to walk, as I did most of the way to Gundala.

The Chandra canyon, between a mile and a half mile wide, is deep and twisting, with the mountain walls going up on both sides at precipitous angles. There are here and there a few pine trees along the river and fir trees on the benches. These high benches, the day we passed, were filled with sheep and goats, white-fleeced animals that from the distance looked like great patches of flowers such as one sees in the Cascades of Washington when the squaw grass is in bloom. Now and then a bench close to the river had been planted in potatoes, millet, wheat, and a tall flowering plant that I first thought was a sunflower, called the *kuth*, which is grown for medicine. There were scatterings of yarrow, yellow violets, snapdragons, and delicate pinks along the trail; and now and then I saw whole acres of cowherbs in bloom —the tallest, most lush cowherbs I have ever seen.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

000 stickweed or forget-me-not, handling it as tenderly as a museum piece. When I found it near a stand of juniper, a great flood of memories poured through my mind. This was an old, familiar friend who seemed to me to be far from home. For the place where I best knew it—its accustomed place—was on the slope above my cabin in the high Wallowas of Oregon. Though it seemed strangely out of place here, this might well be closer to its home than Oregon, to which it may have been carried by animals or by planetary winds.

492 534 I was explaining this to Rahul when we heard bells. We gave them no particular attention because many caravans had bells and were continually passing along the trail just below the stone wall at the end of the slope in front of the dak bungalow. These bells got louder and louder, unlike any we had heard. They sounded as if they were the bells of dozens of caravans. We started to race down the slope to see what was about to pass under the stone wall in front of us, when the caravan turned onto our lawn.

Up front on a bay horse was Rup Singh, grinning and beaming. Behind him came ten mules heavily hung with bells. Behind them came two young men on foot—Chhomphel and Ram Chand—whistling and shouting and racing to keep the mules out of sheaths of barley freshly cut and piled behind our bungalow.

Some of these animals had the build of Missouri mules; some were closer to a donkey's stature. Two were gray; others were bay. There was one chestnut and one that seemed to have a touch of palomino in him. Most of them had tassels hanging from their necks—red or yellow and about two feet long. Each had bells. Some of the bells were eighteen inches or so long, as wide as a fruit jar, heavy and ponderous, and deep-throated. These were the basses. Some were tiny bells smaller than a walnut, with two dozen strung on a leather band that fastened around the neck, a bit reminiscent of Christmas sleigh bells. These were the sopranos. There were bells as big as apricots, similarly fastened to leather

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

neck straps. These were the altos. A few of the mules had a half dozen larger bells each—bells of the size of teacups. These were the tenors. And a few of the mules had bells that were hung inside each other like camel bells of Persia. These bells ran almost a full scale. 492 • 534

Bells, bells, bells! What a din they made! Every movement of an animal rang a bell. As they milled around us the noise was so great we could hardly hear each other. I found myself shouting to Rahul and he in turn relayed the message in a shout to Rup Singh. It appeared that Rup Singh had had no lunch. He would get lunch, return at once, and we would push on to Jispa, fourteen miles distant, this afternoon. Rup Singh left with his mule train, and when the noise gradually died out a deep quiet settled over the peaceful dak bungalow. We sat on our packs until late afternoon. Rup Singh did not appear. We were up early the next morning and yet there was no sign of him. It was not until ten o'clock that he appeared. Our plan to reprimand him for his long delay immediately evaporated. As soon as the mules entered our gate we were drowned in music. Bells, bells, bells. They did something to us. We were at once relaxed, happy, excited. We greeted the smiling Rup Singh as a long-lost brother, forgetting to scold him. There was music in the air, music in our hearts. At last we were off to high adventure—adventure set to music, the haunting music of tinkling bells, booming bells, soft melodious bells, bells that set a tingling sensation running up and down the spine. The music of the bells had reflex effects in our fingers, our toes, our legs. I found myself trying to catch up with the music, trying to walk to its rhythm. And then a mule would break away, change his pace, and set up a discordant note. Then there would be more noise than music. Yet even so there was a melodious chant deep in the noise. Rup Singh's muleteers, Chhomphel and Ram Chand (two young men in their twenties), drove stakes and stretched a chain between them at ground level. When they tied the mules to this chain, the music subsided

• 492 except when a quarrel between two mules would end in biting.
534 But even so the effect of the music carried over. I noticed that Rup Singh as he loaded the mules (in a manner similar to our Montana packs) was softly, almost inaudibly singing.

"What is your song?" I asked.

"Not a song," he said. "I'm just talking to myself and the mules."

"What are you saying?"

He laughed as he replied, "Hurry, hurry–hurry, hurry."

Hurry, hurry–hurry, hurry. That seemed to be the effect of the bells on both the mules and the men. Actually they may not have had any such effect. For as the days passed I noticed that my mule train could not be pushed above an average of two and one quarter miles an hour. Yet hour after hour, day after day, hurry, hurry–hurry, hurry seemed to be the message of the bells.

We skirted cliffs that dropped off a thousand feet below us. The bells rang out–hurry, hurry–hurry, hurry. We climbed steep pitches to reach high passes of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen thousand feet. In spite of the thin air, the command of the bells was always hurry, hurry–hurry, hurry. We swung down meandering canyons, forded streams, crossed high basins, passed through herds of wild asses, pushed into the nose of severe storms, threaded through narrow, rocky defiles, climbed to hogback ridges along swinging trails of switchbacks–and always the command of the bells was hurry, hurry–hurry, hurry. We were in the coarse sand of wind-blown ridges, or among rounded boulders of old river beds, or in rock fields of granite splintered by frost from overhanging cliffs, or on bleak and barren plateaus pock-marked with the huge holes of whistling, fat-bellied marmots, or in high meadows touched with green from a thinning turf. And the mule train played the same message–hurry, hurry–hurry, hurry.

Our first night out from Kyelang I asked Rup Singh about the bells. Most caravans had bells, but none ever had so many bells.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

These bells gave a complete orchestration. We could be heard for a mile. Why so many bells? 492 534

Rup Singh grinned as he replied, "The music is good for the mules. The louder the music, the more contented they are. It keeps them from quitting—keeps them going."

Perhaps Rup Singh was right; perhaps he was only transferring to the mules his own attitude. Certain it is that the bells had a profound effect on us. They broke the monotony of bleak trails. They picked up one's spirits when physical fatigue set in. When one was aboard, they gave relief from the constant jogging of the animal. Even on the slowest stretches, the most grueling climbs, they produced the sense of motion, of progress, of achievement. They often produced these effects in curious ways.

Frequently it seemed to me that the mules were synchronizing their steps to produce familiar tunes. Up front was a big gray mule with a long, yellow tassel hanging from his neck. He led the way, picking the trail, choosing from among alternate routes, grinding steadily on, never stopping, not even nibbling, except for bites at overhanging boughs of willow trees. His role was one of steady industry. The other mules were not tied; each was on his own. For the most part they walked single-file, staying close together. Then the mule train would pick up a rhythm, and I would catch pieces of familiar tunes.

Occasionally on a fast pace I would hear a part of the refrain, *"It's a long, long way to Tipperary, and my heart's right there."* Usually the beat was slower, more measured, such as *"Old MacDonald had a farm, E–I–E–I–O."* The pace would slightly change, there would be discord, and then as clear as any bell would come:

> *There's a long, long night of waiting*
> *Until my dreams all come true.*

There would be another change and "The Tattooed Lady" would tumble out.

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534

Come on and see,
Come on and see
The famous picture gallery.

The pace would quicken, "The Tattooed Lady" would fade away, and in her place would gradually emerge:

How are you going to keep them down on the farm
After they've seen Paree?

During one day's travel pieces of dozens of familiar songs would be played on the bells. Medleys by the score would echo from granite cliffs in narrow canyons or wing away on the severe winds that howl across the high Himalayan basins. No piece would ever be completed. This was mutilated music—pieces of tunes strung together by jumbles of discordant notes. And yet there was a haunting quality about it. It had a quickening effect on tired muscles. It lifted up the heart. It seemed to make the seven of us humans and the eleven animals part and parcel of one endeavor, one adventure.

"Perhaps Rup Singh is right," I said to Rahul at one of our last camps. "The bells have helped carry me to great heights. That I know. They may also have helped the mules."

And Rahul, a brilliant product of the land where mysticism is supreme, nodded knowingly and said, "Of course, music helps every living thing."

There was another reason for the bells. Rup Singh, like his father before him, was in the caravan business. Sometimes he carried the goods of others. On this trek of mine he had two mules loaded with produce for Leh, some of it silk brocades from Bombay. Usually, however, Rup Singh carried goods of his own to sell along the way. The bells would tell the coming of the caravan.

I remember when we came to Upshi on the Indus, near the end of our trek, early one afternoon. The villagers heard our mule train at least a mile away. A ragged urchin scooted across a barley

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field headed for his house, shouting, "Here comes the caravan." An old blind man sitting in the sun in a niche along a cobblestone way lifted his head, pounded on the wall with his cane, and called out, "Dolma, Diki, Zila, come quickly. Here's the caravan." Children rushed to the edge of flat roofs, pointing and shouting. Women cultivating the fields ran to the willows along the trail, excitement in their eyes and on their tongues. Men bestirred themselves and drifted down to the house of the head man of the village where we were going. Two women hurried to a balcony overlooking the path; and as we passed one of them said, "Now, Dolma, we can get some talcum powder at last."

492 • 534

The bells brought news and goods from the outside world, a world so far away, so remote, that the stories about it seemed like legends. Yet that strange world sent wondrous products to the farthest reaches. And my musical mule train told of their coming with its bells, bells, bells.

133 milky Bhaga, and at times climbs so high that the roar of the river (which drops 125 feet per mile) is lost. Clear water pours out of springs and snow fields high on the ridges and washes the trail; and occasionally a waterfall drops off ledges in cool spray that touches the faces of those who pass. But the total effect of the canyon is dryness and bleakness—a parched land that offers no shelter or shade.

499 Eleven miles above Jispa the canyon widens into a sloping
• 492 bench on the far side of the Bhaga. That is Patseo, which means Stone Bridge. The stone abutments of an ancient bridge across the Bhaga are, indeed, still standing. Today the bridge is a flimsy wooden affair that trembles and shakes when a man or animal walks it. It is only safe for passage one at a time. Each of our mules—wise in all hazards underfoot—sniffed at it and took a few tentative steps before taking the full risk. Ram Chand, the muleteer with the high forehead, thin face, and scrawny mustache, stood guard, letting only one animal on the bridge at a time. Each mule seemed to be as relieved at his safe crossing as I was at my own.

000 Patseo has the last dak bungalow on the way to Leh, a two-room building that sits close to the canyon wall without shade or grass. We did not stay there, as our destination was Zing Zing Bar, which lies six miles above Patseo and six miles below Baralacha Pass. We stopped at Patseo only for lunch and for a visit to the Patseo fair.

443 Bleak and barren, Patseo (12,400 feet) is an ancient market place. Merchants from Leh, Yarkand, and Tibet bring their produce there. Merchants from Kulu come up with freight. There bargains are made and barters effected.

492 Patseo is where I saw my first sheep train. Sheep and goats, a hundred or more in a band, were coming down from Baralacha Pass, loaded with little bags, one on each side, filled with salt. Up front was a big billy, aristocratic in his bearing. He kept to the trail, while the band that followed him was strewn above and

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

below, snipping every green morsel as it dropped down to Patseo. 492•

Most lakes in Tibet are salt; great crusts of it can be dug 436 up from the shores. It is this coarse, unrefined salt that the sheep caravans bring down. The bags are of coarse wool sewn at the top with heavy twine. They are held on the sheep with a light cinch and a small rope that functions as a breast collar. These bags are seldom taken from the sheep in transit. The designation 804 of an animal's load in this part of the world is a *khal*, and the *khal* of a sheep is 32 pounds. The *khal* of a horse is 128 pounds; the *khal* of a yak, 188 pounds. These sheep I saw carried perhaps twenty pounds apiece.

Sheep trains also bring wool down from Tibet. For many years 492 Lahuli men have gone north in the late spring with sheep that 438 were sometimes loaded with merchandise, sometimes not. They 221 grazed as they went, and when they reached Tibet they bartered their merchandise or brought produce for cash; then, loading the wool in tiny bales on their sheep, they made the long return trip to Patseo.

The sheep and goats I saw coming down from the north with 492 salt were unpacked at Patseo, the bags being piled in walls to 439 form small corrals where the sheep would bed down at night. The sheep caravan had more than salt to offer. The sheep and goats brought wool, too, the wool on their backs; and the shearing started shortly after the caravan was unpacked.

The sheep caravan had not yet been unloaded before a train of twenty mules came swinging down the canyon. These were powerful, rangy animals carrying huge bales. Some of the bales contained wool from Sinkiang *via* Tibet; some, tea from China. A few of the mules packed salt and borax; a few, dried bundles of wild onion (*junbu*), which is used as a spice in India, marmot skins, and silk. The bulk of the freight of the mule caravans was wool—the special Sinkiang wool from the underbelly of the goat, the wool that is used to make soft Kashmir scarves and shawls. It was unsacked and piled in the sun before weighing, in order

492 to rid it of the moisture collected from the storms it had been
439 through during its long journey.

Several mule trains had arrived from Manali carrying cereals, tobacco, cloth, pepper, ginger, and sugar. These products from the south were exchanged for those from the north.

[804] It is a rule of thumb that five sheep loads of salt are the equiva-
437 lent of four sheep loads of barley or corn. There were scales at Patseo—crude scales that looked like miniature teeter-totters. The wool and salt were weighed; the corn and barley were weighed. Then the exchanges were made. This day—August 4, 1951—wool was selling at Patseo for two and one half rupees (fifty cents) a pound. Some money changed hands. But the bulk of the trading was by barter.

The sloping bench above the river at Patseo was dotted with tents, made mostly from pieces of canvas or cloth stretched on poles to form a roof. The walls were the sacks of grain, tea, or salt the merchants had brought to the fair or had purchased. They were piled on three sides as windbreaks. Each tent had a fire of dung. Tea was being brewed in large copper kettles; and *chapattis*—the thin, unleavened bread of India—was being baked on convex copper plates.

492 One mule train started down the trail to Kyelang and Manali loaded with salt and wool. Another started toward Leh heavy with grain. And just before we left for Zing Zing Bar a sheep train that had been at Patseo for several days started its long return journey north. The sheep looked thin and gaunt, for they had been sheared. The little bags they carried on their backs were now filled with grain. A billy was up front, leading the way. And the rest of the sheep were spreading out, looking for nibbles they had missed on the way down.

133 Zing Zing Bar (14,000 feet) is a vast rock field on the Bhaga,
137 spewed from draws that run four thousand feet or more up the mountainside. These rock slides are a mile or more wide, devoid

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

seemed that the firmament would burst. They hung low, scraping the peaks. All was quiet except the roar of the Bhaga below me.

I lay there for perhaps an hour, absorbing the quiet beauty of the scene, when I heard music. It was a woman's voice, and it came from the trail a hundred yards or so below me.

Sheep caravans make leisurely treks. Their produce will not spoil no matter how much time is spent along the trail. The caravan may start at a distant northern point in June and return in September. The profit of the caravan is not only in the wool and salt carried south and the grain carried north; but the sheep while en route must eat, and so the treks are designed to provide the summer's grazing as well. Well-traveled trails are abandoned for routes that will provide grass for the sheep. The daytime may indeed be spent grazing ridges adjacent to the trail, while the nighttime is used for travel.

That night at Zing Zing Bar a sheep train passed down the canyon. How large it was, how small, I do not know. I only heard the rustle of feet and the voice of a woman who accompanied them. She sang of love; and the song she sang was an old, old love song of Tibet. I learned the full song later. This night I heard only snatches of it.

Like the fine and silky hair of our goats
Which climb up very high on the peaks
Of inaccessible Karakoram
So fine and silky is the hair of my girl.

Her eyes are soft as the eyes of the goats
That call their males on the mountain,
Her eyes are soft as the eyes of the goats
That hold the heavy teat to their young.

Her eyes have the color of topaz
With which she decks her head and neck
And this topaz has the soft color
Of the soft eyes, very soft eyes of our goats.

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CHAPTER 11

HORSES, MULES, YAKS, AND MOTI

484 The ideal way to travel Central Asia is by horseback,
• 492 unencumbered by any pack train. That is the way the Tibetans and Ladakhis travel. They ride the small Tibetan horse that stands about ten hands high, has husky shoulders and small feet, and possesses great endurance. The natives travel for weeks on end in this way. They have no pack animals to slow them down. Their only baggage is what they carry in saddlebags
415 or in the roomy pockets of their heavy wool coats. One of them
484 will have a pot and another a small wooden churn for mixing
574 *gur gur cha*. Each will carry a bowl, usually one of wood inlaid with silver or gold. Indeed one who travels Ladakh or Tibet without a bowl usually gets no food when he visits another's camp. The guest is supposed to hand the host his bowl if he wants the hospitality of the camp. These fast Tibetan or Ladakhi travelers carry salt, tea, butter, and flour in small woolen bags. They make fire with flint rather than with matches, and the fuel is usually the low *dama* bush that burns even when green.

They were friendly and hospitable, and curious over my camera equipment. They were curious over me too—the first American ever through Rupshu. These people[1] are not farmers; they are pastoral people who live on their herds of sheep, goats, and yaks. They run the small Purik sheep that have a fine wool and that lamb twice a year. They are primarily meat-eaters; and they stood grinning at me, showing front teeth missing.

They had good fast horses which we took to Leh. We wanted to reach Gya that night, thirty-two miles from Pagmur and twenty-four miles from Zara. The mules could not stand this grueling trip in one day, for we had Staglang La Pass, nearly eighteen thousand feet high, to cross. So we unpacked the mules, put their baggage on eight yaks, took saddle ponies for ourselves, and headed for Gya. We paid well for the service—three rupees eight annas per stage per animal, or $1.40 per animal from Zara to Gya, plus one rupee (twenty cents) for each of the six herders of the yaks.

The yak is an ox, low and powerful. It has large, sweeping horns and long fur, usually black. There are some wild yaks in Ladakh and Tibet. But most are domesticated. Their milk and butter are widely used. The butter is indeed indispensable for *gur gur cha*; and when rancid, it is considered not only especially good for *gur gur cha* but for the massaging of aching muscles as well. The dung is used for fuel; and it burns with a hot, light blue flame and no crackling. The yak's tail is sold commercially as a whisk to keep off flies or as a beard for Santa Claus.

The yak is *Bos grunniens*, and, true to the name, it does groan as it walks. The natives have no halter or bridle on a yak, only a ring through its nose, which always seems to be bleeding. Yaks can carry huge weights—250 or 350 pounds. A yak thrives on high altitudes; the higher the better, it seems. It can go practically anywhere in the high Himalayas, as high as man can go. It does not have man's great adaptability, for it would perish at even the relatively high altitude of Manali, 6,400 feet. It is at its best from

[1] [The Rupshupa -- Analyst]

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

15,000 feet on up. Here it finds the velvety yak grass that is hardly visible at a distance. Here it also finds moss and lichens, of which it is especially fond.

I found out how sturdy the yak is. I climbed aboard one to sample its riding qualities. I sat for a while on its broad back, my legs sticking out rather awkwardly. Then I hung onto its thick hair with one hand as I urged it into a walk with my heels. Suddenly the powerful beast, with a quick motion of its hind legs, tossed me as neatly as my mountaineer friend—the late Roy Schaeffer of Oregon—used to flip a flapjack. And before I could rise and restore my dignity, the yak turned, gave me a glowering look, and went groaning down the trail.

The yak does not move fast. It took our yaks eleven hours to go the twenty-four miles from Zara to Gya. They got a late start and did not arrive until 1:30 A.M. But they came through on a steady grind that took them through a blizzard atop Staglang La Pass, a blizzard that swept the peaks shortly after our horses and mules had crossed, a blizzard that at the altitude of Staglang La Pass might well have killed animals less sturdy.

The hard, fast ride I had on my Tibetan pony from Zara to Gya was exhilarating—as exhilarating as most (though not all) of the moments aboard Moti were dull.

Moti was my mule, a bay with a few white spots. Why I drew Moti from the musical eleven that we met in Kyelang I never knew. Perhaps it was because Rup Singh thought Moti met the requirements of the typical American mule and therefore would seem familiar and friendly to me. Perhaps it was an unkind fate that turned Moti toward me. Perhaps it was some old association with Moti's mottled nose—an association going back to the trails of Oregon or Washington—that caused my hand to caress it. Whatever the cause, Moti was mine a few minutes after the mule train met us at the dak bungalow. Moti was mine almost until "death do us part." And Moti did not wait long before flirting with destiny.

22: Francke M-3 (no date) 1901 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

(*d*) Everybody sees only his neighbour's fault, not his own. 539
(*e*) *Stagna* = tigernose, on account of a hill of such shape. In the Instrumental *shores*, the *s* is pronounced distinctly, although in pure Ladakhi *shores* would be spoken *shorei*. 577 000

20. (*a*) ཆུའི་ཚོད་ལ་ལྟ་སྟེ། ཉ་ལ་སྦར་བཟུམ་མ་བཏང་།། 539 577

(*b*) chu'ithsod'la lta'ste, nya'la bar'zum ma tang'.
(*c*) Do not grasp a fish, unless you know the depth of the water.
(*d*) Do not accuse a man before the court, unless you know how rich he is. (Refers to the former bad management of justice in Ladakh).
(*e*) The *ma* = not, of the second sentence silently refers also to the first. 000

21. (*a*) རྟ་ཞོན་མགོ་ཆག། བོང་ཞོན་ལག་ཆག།། 539 577 492

(*b*) sta'zhon go'chag, bong'zhon lag'chag.
(*c*) Horse-riding [may cause] head-breaking, donkey-riding [may cause] hand-breaking.
(*d*) It is safest to remain low and humble.
(*e*) The two sentences consist each of a two-syllabled *Comp. det.* 000

22. (*a*) དཔའ་སྨིག་པ་རྒྱབ་ཅེས་མཐོང་སྟེ། 539
བོང་དྭངས་ར་གོ་མ་རྐྱང་།། 231 577

(*b*) sta'la shmig'pa gyab'ces thong'ste,
bon'gui ra'go ma skyang'.
(*c*) Seeing [them] shoeing a horse, you must not stretch the donkey's foot [for shoeing].
(*d*) Do not imitate high people and become a fool.

23. (*a*) བུ་ལོན་མེད་ན་ལག་མི་དང་། 539 577
ཚེར་ཀ་མེད་ན་དཔལ་ཉོས།། 426

(*b*) bu'lon med'na lag'midang'
thser'ka med'na star'gan nyos'
(*c*) If you have no debts, you may be security for another; and if you have no sorrow, buy an old horse!
(*d*) A rich and happy man may do some stupid thing.

1; Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
W. Tibetans AJ4

565 241 651 that burden which they are able to make some profit out of by employing labourers.

The grain which is most prolific and which is grown to the 241 greatest extent is grim, or loose-grained barley, and it is the meal of this grain that the Ladākhīs mostly eat. Grim is a hardy plant; it is cultivated even at the height of 15,000 feet; this height indeed is exceptional; there is only one place at that altitude where it grows, about twelve acres being there sown with it; but at 13,700 and 14,000 feet there are villages dependent on its cultivation. At lower levels, besides the grim, [438] wheat is grown. But little of this is consumed by the Ladākhīs themselves; they grow it for the market, for the use of the people of the town and of the travelling merchants. Wheat does well up to 11,500 feet; it is cultivated, but with less success, even at 12,800 feet. Peas, and barley (of the kind common in other countries) are crops that grow at almost as great heights as any. This barley is given to horses. In the lower parts of Ladākh—from 10,500 or 10,000 feet downwards—two crops can be got off the same land. I think that barley or grim is, commonly, the first and millet the second crop. Rice does not grow in Ladākh. Maize has been tried in a garden without much success; the ears of it which I saw were only four inches long.

Every crop, as has been said, requires irrigation for its growth; several times has the land to be watered to bring on the plant. In the middle of Ladākh, if there be a sufficient supply of water, the crop is secure; there sunshine never fails for the ripening of it. In Zānskār, however, which is near the most snowy range, and in some of the very high parts, there is sometimes a failure of the sun-warmth necessary to ripen the grain.

[231] Ploughing is done chiefly with the hybrid of the yāk bull and the common cow; this they call *zo* if male and *zomo* if female. The yāk itself is not good for the plough.* The corn is sometimes reaped with a sickle, sometimes pulled up by the roots from the loose soil.

492 * The yāk, however, is very useful for carrying burdens. The Ladākhīs earn a good deal as carriers of merchants' goods with their yāks, their zos, and their ponies.

1; Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
W. Tibetans A 14

133 Last is the watershed range itself. This makes another region of glaciers. Its summits for a long distance seem to average 20,000 and 21,000 feet, and the Passes through it are at very high levels. As we trace it north-westward we come to the Nun Kun Peaks, at which, coming from the other direction, the account of the range in Chapter IX. ended off.

We now enter on the more particular description of successive districts.

CENTRAL LADĀKH.

By this name is denoted about 100 miles in length of the Indus Valley, from the borders of Baltistān up to 30 miles or so beyond Leh. I have followed the valley upwards from the village of Sanācha, a place within Baltistān, from which, nevertheless, we will begin the description.*

In this part the bottom of the Indus Valley is a narrow rock-bound gorge. The river flows in it with an eddied but not uneven surface; its depth must be great to allow the body of water to pass along such a narrow channel, for I found that the width was in one place 65 feet and in another but 46 feet. The walls of this gorge are nearly vertical; above them rise other steep but more broken cliffs; above these the ground retires, but there are greater heights behind. All this is of granitic rock. Over this rocky ground the path is a difficult one; a laden horse cannot go along it, and with difficulty can an unladen pony be led. It is the same on both sides of the river. This difficulty of the road isolates the villages of this part of the valley, cuts them off greatly from intercourse, and it prevents the traffic between Ladākh and Baltistān from taking this route, which at first one would think to be its natural one. This, as it is the lowest, is also the warmest part of Ladākh. The level of the river is about 9000 feet, but even at this height the valley in summer time is hot. The unclouded sun heats the bare rocks that slope to meet its rays; the traveller, as he goes along the rugged way, exposes one side of him to the sun's direct rays and the other to a strong radiation

[492] 361 133

* Sanācha is on the left bank of the Indus; it bears N.E. by E. from Kargil.

1: Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
Tibetans AJ4

CHAPTER XIV.

LADĀKH: THE HIGHER VALLEYS.

RUPSHU — RUPSHU AS INHABITED — RARITY OF THE AIR — SALT LAKE VALLEY — TSOMORĪRĪ — TSO KYĀGHAR — INDUS VALLEY — PĀNGKONG LAKE — CHĀNGCHENMO.

WE now come to that lofty part of Ladākh where the lowest ground touched is as much as 13,500 feet above the sea, where there are long flat valleys at 15,000 feet, while the mountains that include these keep to the same height of 20,000 and 21,000 feet, which we have seen to be so general over a great part of the country.

RUPSHU.

The first that shall be described of these high tracts is that called Rupshu or Rukshu. It is a district at the south-east end of Ladākh, lying between the Watershed Range and the Indus. From the side of Leh it is approached by leaving the Indus at Upshī and following up the narrow ravine which there joins in from the south. In this, for many miles, the road continues gradually rising; it is a good road for this country, having now been made fit for the passage of camels in case the owners of any from Yārkand should bring them this way towards the Panjāb. The ravine is narrow; it is immediately bounded by no lofty mountains, but by bare slopes of earth and rock, composed of shale and sandstone. After 13 or 14 miles we come to Gyā, the last village in this direction, a place elevated 13,500 feet above the sea; it is a village of some forty houses, with a proportionately wide area of cultivation; both at Gyā and at an outlying hamlet, which is some 300 feet higher still, naked barley ripens and nothing else; peas are grown, but only for green food. It is one of the most, but not quite the most, elevated of all the villages in the country. At this place we leave houses behind, for at the next inhabited parts we shall come to, tents are the only dwellings.

1: Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
W. Tibetans AJ4

high; in one of these lives a whole family. The sheep
231 and goats are very numerous. At evening time one sees the
236 flocks and the herds coming down the hill-side and collecting at
[492] the encampment by hundreds, and even thousands. The sheep is of a large kind; it is here made use of for carrying loads; the salt from the lake is carried out of and grain is brought into the country on the backs of sheep; a small pack or double bag is made to hang over the back, filled to an average weight of 24 lbs.; the stronger animals will be loaded up to 32 lbs. The larger of
[438] the two kinds of goat kept here is made use of in just the same way. The more general is the shawl-wool goat, a small long-haired species; the kids of this sort are beautiful little animals. The wool that goes to make the soft fabrics of Kashmir is an under-growth at the root of the long hair of these smaller goats. It comes in winter time, not only to the goats but to the yāks, dogs, and other animals, domestic and wild both, as a protection against the severe cold. At the beginning of summer the wool grows out or loosens; it is then combed out from the goats and sent to Leh, where it is picked free from hairs and either worked up or sent on to Kashmir. It must not be supposed that the greater part of the shawl-wool used in Kashmir comes from Rupshu; the greater quantity and that of better quality comes either from the Chinese districts beyond the boundary of Ladākh, or from the Amīr of
231 Kāshgar's country. The horned cattle are all of the
492 yāk species. In Rupshu, as far as I know, there is neither the cow nor any of the hybrids of yāk and cow. The yāk is a half-wild, not easily tractable, beast; his numbers are not very large in Rupshu; there may be 400 or 500 head. The yāk's duty is that of a load carrier. The Rupshu people do not carry loads on their backs like the Ladākhīs, they depend entirely on their cattle, on their sheep and goats for merchandise that is easily divisible, on their yāks for that of larger bulk. In this
439 way the Rupshu people are great carriers. Between Central
492 Ladākh on the one hand and Gār in Chinese Tibet or Lāhol in the British country on the other, they are kept well employed in helping forward merchants' goods. For this service they get good

[i.e. in Rupshu — Analyst]

1: Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
W. Tibetans AV4

payment; sometimes it is in cash sometimes in grain; with one or two slight exceptions, all the farinaceous food they consume is imported, Kulū and Lāhol supplying the greater part of it. 439 492

The intermediate position of Rupshu is such that many travelling merchants come through the country. The tea-merchants of Lhāsa—a shrewd and eager set of men—yearly come this way with their venture of brick tea for Leh; their merchandise is carried free by the Rupshu people, according to an old arrangement between the authorities of Lhāsa and of Leh, but for their riding and light baggage they have with them a number of fine mules of rare pace. From Kunāwar in the Sutlej Valley come the Kunūs, a people of mixed Tibetan and Indian breed; from Lāhol and Kulū come others of pure and of mixed Tibetan blood; these have in many cases their own sheep to carry their merchandise. Of late years there has been a greater through traffic from the Panjāb to Leh, and even Yārkand, by the road that goes through Rupshu. Panjābī, Pathān, and Yārkandī merchants have all passed this way, which, indeed, as far as the road is concerned, is now the best by far between Eastern Turkistān and the Panjāb. The objection to the route is that the Pass over the Snowy Range may close before the circumstances of the trade allow the merchant to get away from Leh for the downward journey. 439

Although, then, Rupshu possesses so inhospitable a climate, though it is at one and the same time both parched and bleak, though its hills are barren and its valleys desolate, yet a busy life exists at times in certain portions of it. After travelling for some days without seeing a trace of man, one may come on an encampment of traders with some hundreds of sheep to carry their merchandise, their loads carefully piled up and protected by white tent-cloths; or one may meet on the road the merchants on their ponies, jingling with bells, accompanying their heavy-laden and somewhat unmanageable flock.

For people who are natives of temperate climes, the air of Rupshu in summer, though somewhat trying, is not too severe when the constitution is strong and the system in good order. The extreme cold of winter also could probably be endured if one 147

1: Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir

special arrangements are necessary to accomplish the journey; and even with these some loss of baggage animals may be expected.

Tānktse is the place whence a start should be made; it is the last large village, and contains a Government store-house, and is the head-quarters of a *kārdār*, or manager, under the Governor of Ladākh. The smaller one's camp, the lighter the baggage, the more likely is one to get comfortably through the journey. With half-a-dozen men of my own, and an equal number of people from the Tānktse and Pāngkong region, we took for our luggage and supplies eleven yāks and five ponies, and brought back, after a month's marching, six yāks and four ponies. This and other experience shows that ponies are far better for the work than yāks; for ponies can carry, besides a light load of baggage for their master, barley for themselves, which yāks, not being used to eating it, will not be able to live on; ponies also do the day's march quicker than the yāk, and therefore have so much the more time to graze on the scanty, thin, pasture that here and there is found. My own journey was the more trying for the animals in that, after passing through the most desert part to where the valleys begin to decline to Turkistān and to become less bare of vegetation, they had to return over the same desert, without recruiting themselves in the lower pastures.

From Tānktse, or Pāngkong, the road leads one over ground that was described in the last chapter to the Chāngchenmo Valley. This it leaves by the valley in which is situated Gogrā, which is the last place where water, grass, and fuel are all to be found in plenty. I shall not trouble the reader to follow me through each day's march as I made it, but shall rather try to give him an idea of the character of the country such as I myself derived from observing it in the outward and homeward journeys, with the help, I must add, of Mr. Johnson's map. A list of the marches will be found in Appendix IV., Route 27.

THE SOUTHERN WATERSHED.

The southern watershed of the plateaus lies to the north of the eastern portion of the Chāngchenmo Valley, and is continued

2: Gervis T-3 (no date) 1954 AV1 Kashmir AV1

W. Tibetans AJ 4

a kind of barley known as grim; from this, *chang*, the drink of the people is made; it has a sour odour. The fruit trees bear apricots, apples and mulberries.

The zho is the animal most used for riding, being quieter than the yak, though they are not nearly as strong as the yak which is a big brute, with great head, short horns, and covered with dark brown hair. It is a strange creature, for just as a horse will stretch down its neck and bite at some grass as it goes along, so the yak when being driven through the snow, will take a mouthful and make a loud grunting noise, a characteristic which it does not pass on to its half-breed son; for the zho does not grunt, it grinds its teeth in a strange manner, a sound which one either comes to put up with and does not notice, or is nearly driven mad by.

Practically all the animals in Ladakh grow an undercoat of fine down in the winter time, even the small horses. It is that from the Ladakhi goat which is exported to Kashmir for the making of the famous pashmina shawls, and through Ladakh pass caravans carrying it there from Kashgar. In calling it "pashmina", they have without doubt corrupted and used the Russian word "pushmina". Here in Leh, were to be bought soft blankets of brown and black wool, which are probably made from the undercoat of the zho, the yak, and maybe the little mountain pony.

The people's food is simple. Meat is too expensive for the poor to eat except on festive occasions. Mostly they eat thick barley cakes or barley meal in a broth of turnips heavily salted. Like the Kashmiri they have their own way of making tea; strong tea is mixed with soda, and then salted and churned with butter until the whole becomes creamlike in its thickness.

Religion is the greatest power in the lives of the people. They are Buddhists, practising a form known in Tibet and referred to as Lamaism; a religion which dominates their lives, promising every true follower the bliss of Nirvana; faith which, the Abbot of one of the monasteries told me, "teaches compassion, courtesy, kindliness, truthfulness, loyalty, politeness in word, cheerfulness and good humour". And from what I saw of them I should imagine that many of these qualities are to be found in the majority of the people in a land where murders

A Trip to Ladakh

000 a friend's house. Personally I possess a bearer who knows this trick, and he always asks me to ask my friends to allow their servants to count over the spoons and forks, etc., before leaving the house, to see, of course, that they have not left anything of their master's property behind.

276 Another custom I discovered of quite a different kind, which interested me.

I saw a coolie sprawling on the road with his mouth on the ground and apparently blowing smoke. On asking what it meant I was told that the man not having brought his hookah was not going to be done out of his smoke. He had made a small tunnel. At one end he had placed his tobacco and lighted it, and was sucking the smoke through the tunnel into his mouth. How one lives and learns!

346 After leaving Mulbe we turned off the caravan road in order to return via Suru under Nun Kun and down the Wardwan nullah.

We passed the monastery of Shergol. It is built into the rock. The windows seem to be in the face of a 406 precipice. The entrance and exit is peculiar, for a basket is let down by a rope, in which the visitor sits and is pulled up—a most excellent arrangement for keeping 133 out undesirables. Our first view of the Suru river was superb, and reminded me of pictures of heaven which I had seen in children's picture books. We were up on a ridge and looked down upon the river where it widened out and was full of islands covered with willow-trees, and giant peaks rising behind and above the nearer hills forming the valley.

492 When we reached the bridge we found that it was far too frail for our ponies. The river itself could not be forded, and was too swift and dangerous to permit of the

2: Biscoe M-3 (1890-ca. 1920) 1922 AV4 Kashmiri
W. Tibetans AJ4

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ponies swimming. What was to be done? The question was soon answered by the pony-men taking the loads off the ponies and carrying them across, then tying a rope round a pony's neck, the pony being forced into the river whilst the rope was held by the man who walked across the bridge, thus keeping the pony's head up-stream, so that the strain was lessened. In this way all our ponies came across safely, but the man on the bridge had some difficulty in keeping his feet as the strain on the rope was fairly severe, especially in mid-stream.

The village of Suru lies under Nun Kun, a fine pile of rock, the summit being 23,500 feet above sea-level. It is one of the peaks that we can see from near Srinagar, and looks like a white pyramid. From where we stood, looking up from the Suru river, it was just magnificent, its great glaciers shining in the sunlight.

Just outside the village is a lonely grave, that of Captain Christian, who died of typhoid whilst on a shooting expedition. We spoke to the head of the village about safeguarding the grave.

On our march from Suru we came across a great number of marmots, living in communities like rabbits. They are of a reddish brown colour and of the size of a small fox. They place sentinels around their village, who sit on the top of a rock to enable them to get a good view of their enemies, and whistle louder and louder as they see one approaching and then dart into their burrows. They are most fascinating animals. They seem to like the wild garlic that grows profusely in these regions.

We entered the Wardwan Valley by the Do Nullah Pass, and had to walk for seven miles on a glacier; it was exciting work jumping the crevasses. We were careful to take off some inches on this side and land with plenty